

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

TERMS: \$2 50 in advance.

VOL. 2---NO. 8.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 60.

**WILMINGTON JOURNAL:**  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY  
PRICE & FULTON, PROPRIETORS.

## TERMS

Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.  
at the end of three months.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are  
paid, except at the option of the publishers. No  
subscription received for less than twelve months.

## TO CLUBS OF

Five new subscribers, to one address, \$11 00  
Ten do. do. do. do. 20 00  
Twenty do. do. do. do. 38 00  
No attention paid to any order unless the money  
accompanies it.

We will pay the postage on letters containing  
Five Dollars and upwards, and money may be re-  
mitted through the mail at our risk. The Post-  
master's certificate of such remittance shall be a  
sufficient receipt therefor.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at one dollar per square of 16 lines or  
less, for the first, and twenty-five cents for each  
succeeding insertion. 25 per cent will be deduc-  
ed from an advertising bill when it amounts to  
thirty dollars in any one year. Yearly standing  
advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square.  
All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent  
higher.

If the number of insertions are not marked on  
the advertisement, they will be continued until  
ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

Advertisements to the proprietors on business con-  
nected with this establishment, must be post paid,  
and directed to the firm.

OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and  
Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

**PRINTING**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
Neatly executed and with despatch, on  
liberal terms for cash, at the  
JOURNAL OFFICE.

**DAVID FULTON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**GILLESPE & ROBINSON**  
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make  
liberal advances on consignments of  
Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.  
Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.

The Observer and the North Carolinian, Fayetteville, will copy six months and forward accounts to this office.

**John S. Richards,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
AND  
GENERAL AGENT.  
Wilmington, N. C.

Respectfully refers to  
Messrs. J. & E. Anderson, } Wilmington, N. C.  
R. W. Brown, Esq. }  
Messrs. Woolsey & Woolsey, }  
" Richards, Bassett & Aborn, } New York.  
A. Richards, Esq. }  
June 27, 1845. 41-1f

**EDWARD HEALY,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.  
Hall & Armstrong's Wharf,  
Wilmington, N. C.  
June 13, 1845. 39-1y

**CORNELIUS MYERS,**  
Manufacturer & Dealer in  
HATS AND CAPS.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

**GEORGE W. DAVIS,**  
Commission and Forwarding  
MERCHANT,  
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

**WILLIAM COOKE,**  
General Commission Merchant,  
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,  
Next door North of the New Custom-house,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**ROBT. G. BAINBRIDGE,**  
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends  
in New York.  
September 21, 1844. 1-1f

**WM. SHAW,**  
Wholesale & Retail Druggist,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**JOHN HALL,**  
Commission Merchant,  
One door So. of Broderick & DeRosier's, Water-st.,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

**LIST OF BLANKS**  
ON HAND, and for sale at the  
JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs  
do do Subpoenas  
do do Fi. Fas.  
County Court Scire Facias  
Apprentices Indentures  
Letters of Administrators  
Jury's Tickets  
Peace warrants  
Constable's bonds  
Notes of hand  
Checks, Cash, Peer Bank  
do Branch Bank of the  
State  
Notes negotiable at bank  
Inspector's Certificates  
Certificates of Justices attending Court  
Shipping Papers  
Bills Lading (letter)  
Any blank wanted and not on hand will be  
printed with the utmost despatch.

Officers of the Courts and other officers, and  
all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other  
work in the printing line would do well to give us  
call, or send in their orders. We are deter-  
mined to execute our work well, and at the cheap-  
est rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE

**Leaf Tobacco.**  
5 lbs., a prime article, for sale by  
G. W. DAYTON.  
Feb 21--1843

All kind of BLANKS for sale at the  
JOURNAL OFFICE.

**CHARLES BARR,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
WILMINGTON, N. C.

TAKES this method of returning his sin-  
cere thanks to his friends in Wilmington  
and its vicinity, for the patronage so liberally be-  
stowed him, for the last three years, while amongst  
them, and hopes, by strict attention to business,  
and every effort to accommodate, to merit a con-  
tinuance of the same.

He has just returned from the Northern market-  
with one of the finest STOCKS of GOODS that  
has ever been exhibited in this or any other town  
in the state, comprising every article usually kept  
in a Merchant Tailor's Store, consisting of  
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,  
of the newest styles, all of which will be found  
worthy of the attention of his friends. Call and  
examine before purchasing elsewhere.

He has also on hand a full assortment of  
**Ready-made Clothing.**

got up especially under his direction, while in  
Philadelphia, and he is disposed to sell them as  
cheap as any other house in town.

N.B.—He has also some of the finest workmen  
this country can produce, and all garments ordered  
at his establishment shall be warranted to give sat-  
isfaction.

October 3, 1845

**SOMETHING NEW IN WILMINGTON.**  
Clothes made to people want them.

**James Richardson.**

THE BEST TAILOR that has ever been  
connected with the trade in this place,  
has quit the establishment of Chas. Barr, and in-  
tends taking a store opposite, on Market street,  
where he expects through the exercise of his in-  
dustry and superior skill in the habilitary art, to  
merit a liberal share of patronage.

Oct 2, 1845 3-1f

**NO HOLIX.**

**Charles Barr**

CANNOT boast of being the best TAILOR  
that has ever been connected with the trade  
in Wilmington, or of having made the grand  
tour, either of Europe or even of our own univer-  
sal Yankee-Joadellion, but he can say, without flatter-  
ing himself, that he is a *First-Hand* TAILOR,  
and although he has not graduated from  
such splendid shops as Beau Brengel, or Count  
D'Ossy loved to patronize, yet he pledges him-  
self that all who may honour him with their custom,  
shall secure a regular-built Southern fit; either  
Tights, Anti-Tights or Medium-fits.

He will warrant all work that goes from his  
store, as being faithfully executed, and made up  
in a workmanlike style; and as he is in receipt  
of the earliest fashions he will be enabled to tickle  
the taste of the most fastidious.

Noted. 3-1f

**NOTICE!!**

THE subscribers take pleasure in informing  
their old customers and friends, and the pub-  
lic generally, that having just returned from New  
York, they can sell them *CHEAP* for CASH  
or Country Produce, either by wholesale or retail,  
the following articles, viz:

St. Croix Sugar, Laguira Coffee,  
P. R. do Rio do  
N. O. do Cuba do  
Crushed do Java do  
Loaf do Molasses,  
Powdered do Tea in boxes or canteys,  
Sperma Candles, Shot and Powder,  
Adamantine do Lead in bars,  
Tallow do Soap, pale and yellow,  
Canal Flour, barrels and Turpentine and cutting  
half barrels, Axes,  
Mess and Prime Pork, Broad Axes,  
Cut Nails and flooring Land in kegs and half  
bricks, 44 inch Bagging and Fine Salt in brls.

44 inch Bagging and Fine Salt in brls.  
Rope, Ginger, Pepper & Spice,  
Coopers Tools, spades, long & short handled shovels,  
Negro Blankets & Cloths, from of any size or quan-  
tity, Single and Double bar-  
reled Guns, Wagon & Cart Boxes,  
Cast & German steel, 20 cases assorted shoes.  
SMITH & GAUSE.

N. B.—They continue at their old stand, and  
will sell anything which may be sent to them.  
Wilmington, Oct 3, 1845 3-1f

**Boarding House.**

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform  
his friends that he will remove on the  
16th of OCTOBER NEXT, to the house  
adjoining to and one door North of the  
Hanner House, on Front street, where he will be  
prepared to receive those who may favor him with  
a call. His terms will be moderate, and he will  
endeavor to make transient boarders as comfort-  
able as if they were at home. He can always ac-  
commodate those who may have horses.

He would also inform his friends and the public  
at large, that his

**Livery Stables**

are in good order, and that careful  
hostlers will always be ready to take  
charge of Horses.

He keeps constantly on hand,  
HORSES and BUGGIES for hire.

DAVID THALLY.  
N. B.—Drivers can be well accommodated.  
September 26th, 1845. 2-12m

**Spring & Summer Arrangements**  
FOR 1846.

THE Subscribers have entered into an agree-  
ment to furnish ICE to the Inhabitants of  
Wilmington and the surrounding country the  
ensuing season. We pledge ourselves to do so  
without disappointment to any who may favor us  
with their contracts or custom. Mr. Shaw  
is now absent and will make arrangements  
white in Boston for a supply of Ice to furnish  
all who may wish it from April to the middle  
of October.

WM. SHAW.  
A. PAUL REPTON.  
Sept 26th, 1845 2-1f

**NOTICE.**

THE subscribers having formed a co-partnership  
under the firm of

**BERNARD & CO.,**

offer for sale, (at their stand two doors North of  
R. H. Stanton & Co.) a select assortment of  
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery,  
&c., &c., &c.

They will also attend to the sale of Country  
produce.

EDWARD J. BERNARD,  
GEORGE P. GRANT,  
RICHARD H. GRANT.  
Sept 15, (19.) 1845. 53-3m

**To Rent.**

THE dwelling known generally as  
the Toomer house, nearly opposite the  
residence of Capt. Ellis. For particulars  
apply to  
J. A. SINTAS.  
Oct 10 1845 1-1f

**BEN BOLT.**

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?  
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,  
Who wept with delight when you gave her a  
smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown?  
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and alone,

They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,  
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under a Hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
Which stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've lain in the noon-day shade,  
And listened to Appleton's mill.

The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in,  
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as  
you gaze,  
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,  
At the edge of the pathless wood,  
And the button ball tree with its motly limbs,  
Which nigh by the door step stood?

The Cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
The tree you would seek in vain;  
And where once the lords of the forest waved,  
Grow grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
With the master so cruel and grim,  
And the shaded nook in the running brook,  
Where the children went to swim?

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then  
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben  
Bolt,  
They have changed from the old to new;  
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,  
There never was change in you.

Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends, yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing; thy friendship a  
truth—  
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

**HENRIETTA:**

THE EMPEROR'S LITTLE "FLOWER GIRL."  
[From a Translation by Mr. Thomas of Gen.  
St. Hillaire's recent work, entitled "Facts  
Illustrating the Public and Private Life of  
Napoleon."]

At St. Helena, when the weather was  
favorable, Napoleon always rode out either  
in his carriage or on horseback; but as  
soon as he had become familiar with the  
confined space allotted to him there, he  
often preferred exploring the secluded  
roads. After having finished his daily  
task of dictation, (for one of his favorite  
occupations was the dictation of his memo-  
irs,) and spent hours in reading, he  
dressed about 3 o'clock, and then went  
out, accompanied by General Bertrand,  
Monsieur Las Cases, or General Gour-  
gaud.

His rides were all directed to the neigh-  
boring village, which he took much plea-  
sure in exploring, and where he found  
himself more free from observation.—  
Though the roads were in some places al-  
most impassable, his taste for exploring  
seemed to increase rather than diminish—  
even the pleasures of ranging this valley  
was to him a species of liberty. The only  
thing to which he had unconquerable  
aversion, was meeting the English senti-  
nells, who were stationed to watch him.

In one of these rides, he found a seques-  
tered spot in the valley, which afterwards  
became to him a daily retreat for medita-  
tion.

One day he discovered a neat cottage  
amongst the rocks of the valley, and enter-  
ed the garden attached to it, which was  
radiant with flowers or geraniums, which  
a young girl was watering. This young  
girl was a brunette, and as fresh as the  
flowers; she had large, blue eyes, of most  
pleasant expression, and Napoleon, always  
an admirer of the fair sex, was much struck  
with her beauty.

"Pray, what is your name?" he inquired.  
"Henrietta," she replied.  
"Your surname, I mean."

"Brow."

"You seem very fond of flowers."

"They are all my fortune, sir."

"How is that?"

"Every day I take my geraniums to the  
town, where I obtain a few sous for my  
bouquets."

"And your father and mother, what do  
they do?"

"Alas! I have neither," replied the young  
girl, with much emotion.

"No parents!"

"Not one; I am quite a stranger in this  
Island. Three years ago, my father, an  
English soldier, and my mother, left Lon-  
don with me for the Indies, but, alas! my  
father died on the voyage, and when the  
vessel reached this Island, my poor mother  
was so ill that she could not proceed  
further, and we were left here.

"She was ill for a long time, and having  
no resources left for our support, I was  
advised to sell flowers. A gentleman in the  
town, who made enquiries as to our pros-  
pects, took pity on us, and gave us this  
cottage, where my mother's health impro-

ved, and where she lived nearly two years,  
during which we were supported by the  
sale of flowers. About a year ago my  
poor mother had a relapse, and obtained a  
release from all her earthly sufferings.—  
On her death bed she recommended me  
to trust in Providence, and I feel a pleasure  
in obeying her last wish."

The young girl having thus spoken,  
burst into tears. During this short recital,  
Napoleon was very much affected, and  
when she burst into tears, he sobbed loud-  
ly. At length he said, "Poor child! what  
sins could you have committed, that you  
should have been exiled here so miser-  
ably? Singular fulfilment of destiny! Like  
me she has no country, no family—she  
has no mother, and I—I have no child!"

After pronouncing these words, the em-  
peror again sobbed audibly, and his tears  
flowed freely. Yes, this great man, whom  
the loss of the most brilliant throne in the  
world affected not, who was calm amidst  
desolation itself, wept at the recital of this  
poor girl!

After a few moments he resumed his  
customary firmness, and said to her, "I  
wish to take home with me a *souvenir* of  
my visit to your cottage. Gather some of  
your best flowers, and make a good bou-  
quet."

Henrietta quickly made the bouquet; and  
when Napoleon gave her five *lois d'or* for  
it, cried with astonishment, "Ah! *grand*  
*Dieu!* sir, why did you not come sooner?  
My poor mother would not then have  
died!"

"Well, well, my child, these are very  
good sentiments. I will come and see you  
again."

Then, blushing and regarding the five  
pieces of gold, Henrietta replied, "But, sir,  
I can never give you flowers enough for all  
this money!"

"Do not let that trouble you," answered  
Napoleon, smiling, "I will come and fetch  
them."

He then left her. When he had regain-  
ed his companions, he informed them of  
his discovery. He seemed happy in hav-  
ing one as unfortunate as himself to console;  
and on the spot, the young Henrietta aug-  
mented the special nomenclature of Long-  
wood. He called her "the nymph of St.  
Helena," for amongst his friends, Napoleon  
habitually baptized all that surrounded him  
by a fair cognomen. Thus the part of the  
island which he most frequented he called  
the "Valley of Silence." Mr. Balcomb,  
with whom he stayed on his first arrival  
at St. Helena, was the "Amphitryon."

His cousin, the major, who was about six  
feet high, was called the "Giant." Sir  
George Cockburn was designated as "Mr.  
Admiral," when the emperor was pleased  
—but when he had cause for complaint,  
his only title was "the Shark."

Some days after this visit to the cottage,  
Napoleon said, when dressing, that he  
would return to his pupil, and perform his  
promise. He found the young girl at  
home; she had learnt since his last visit  
the name of her benefactor; and, much mo-  
ved, not so much by his past grandeur as  
by his recent calamities, entreated him to  
accept the hospitality of her humble cot-  
tage. She then brought him figs and wa-  
ter from the spring of the river valley.

"Sire," she said to Napoleon, "I have  
waited at home for you since you were  
last here, and have, consequently, not been  
able to procure wine for you, as your boun-  
ty will now enable me to do so."

"And if you had," said the Emperor, "I  
should have scolded you well. When I  
come to see you, I wish nothing better  
than your water, which is excellent. On  
this condition, I will revisit you. After  
all, I am but an old soldier, as your poor  
father was, and the old soldier who is not  
satisfied with figs and water, is no soldier  
at all."

From this day Napoleon did not visit  
the valley without calling at the cottage of  
Henrietta. On these occasions she pre-  
sented him with a magnificent bouquet, es-  
pecially prepared for him, and after a little  
friendly chat with her, he would continue  
his ride, familiarly discoursing with those  
who accompanied him on the great and ex-  
cellent qualities which this young English  
girl possessed.

In the following year Napoleon began  
to suffer from the attacks of the malady  
which afterwards proved fatal to him.—  
Henrietta, not receiving the visits of her  
benefactor, went to inquire after his health;  
and after having left the customary bou-  
quet with one of his attendants, returned  
home very disconsolately. One fine day  
shortly afterwards, as she was sitting in  
her garden, she heard the sound of an ap-  
proaching carriage; and running quickly  
to the gate, found herself in the presence  
of Napoleon. As soon as she beheld him,  
her face assumed an expression of great  
sadness.

"You find me much changed, do you  
not, my child?" said he, in a faint voice.

"Yes, sire, I do, indeed; but I hope that  
you will soon be restored to health."

"I much doubt it," he said, "struggling  
his shoulders with an air of incredulity.  
Nevertheless, I much wished to pay you

a visit to-day, to see you and your flowers  
once again."

He then slowly descended from the car-  
riage, and leaning on the arm of Bertrand,  
reached the cottage. When he was sear-  
ed, he observed:

"Give me a cup of water from the spring,  
my dear Henrietta; that will perhaps cool  
the fever which consumes me . . . .  
here,"—(laying his hand on his side.)

"The young girl hastened to fetch some.  
When Napoleon had partaken of it, his  
countenance, till then contracted, became  
serene.

"Thanks! thanks! my dear child," said  
he, "this water has eased my sufferings a  
little. If I had taken it sooner, perhaps!  
. . . . added he, raising his eyes to  
heaven; "but now it is too late."

"Ah!" replied Henrietta, affecting a gay-  
ety of manner, "I am so happy that this  
water does you good! I will bring you  
some every day, it will perhaps cure you!"

"No! my dear child, it will be useless  
now; all is over. I fear this will be the  
last visit I shall make here. There is a  
settled grief here which is consuming me,  
and the emperor touched his side) and, as  
I may never see you again, I wish to leave  
you a *souvenir* of me. What shall I give  
you?"

At these words the young girl could  
contain herself no longer, but, bursting into  
heartfelt tears, fell at the feet of the em-  
peror, saying—

"Your blessing, sire."

Napoleon rose and blessed her with be-  
coming gravity; for he always had respect  
for the creed of others.

From that day Henrietta did not fail to  
visit Longwood regularly. She carried  
water from the spring and her customary  
bouquet, but always returned home dis-  
consolate; for each day she received the  
most alarming accounts of the health of the  
emperor.

At the commencement of May, 1821,  
when the sun shone brighter than usual,  
Henrietta was informed that Napoleon was  
much better, that his reason had returned.

She arrived at Longwood, but alas! the  
reality was the reverse of her hopes. She  
found every one there in consternation.—  
This time, fearing that he was dying, and  
wishing to see him once again, she desired  
to be admitted to his presence. She was  
told that he was too ill, and that it was im-  
possible. Her supplications were at first  
in vain; but at length her tears and entrea-  
ties prevailed, and she was admitted to his  
chamber.

It was at this moment that Napoleon,  
surrounded by his faithful friends, and ly-  
ing on his death-bed, had requested them  
to place the bust of his son before him.—  
He then bade affecting farewells to his  
friends, and to the French people, whom  
he had loved so well. His arms then con-  
tracted with convulsions, his eyes became  
fixed, while he gasped—"France! \* \* \*  
My son!" Then all was silent. Napoleon  
had ceased to live.

At these words, the flowers which the  
young girl had brought, dropped from her  
trembling hands; she fell on her knees by  
the bed-side; then, making an effort, she  
seized and tried to press the hand of Na-  
poleon to her lips—but immediately her  
head fell back, her mouth was discolored,  
her eyes fixed, and she sunk on the floor,  
buried in that sleep which knows no wa-  
king.

Henrietta was dead!

**A TIME TO DIE—AN EXTRACT.**  
BY THEOPHILUS FISK.

Look at that smooth and bloodless brow,  
of one of earth's loveliest daughters, borne  
back to her natal bowers from a long pil-  
grimage, in search of the lost treasure—  
health. Like a pale perishing blossom,  
she is laid in all her fading beauty, down  
in the home of her guiltless infancy; a-  
midst the happy scenes to which her mem-  
ory fondly clung. The hopes that had  
nested in the heart of many a faithful  
friend, had one by one departed as they  
marked the hectic spot upon the wan and  
pale cheek, the thin attenuated fingers of  
the tiny hand, the faltering step, the sunken  
eye—these told in solemn language that  
the time was rapidly approaching when  
they must prepare the coffin and the shroud.

A few short months only had passed,  
since she stood before the altar, a laughing,  
blushing bride, her slight and fragile form,  
surrounded by troops of admiring friends.  
Her name is changed, she returns to her  
father's house but to leave it for a land of  
strangers. Ah! little did they think, on  
that day when tears and smiles were ming-  
led—when they looked upon that bright  
face with its beaming joy and youthful  
pride, that its glow was lighted with the  
fevered breath of the treacherous disease—  
consumption. Little did the fond fa-  
ther think when he left a tear of mingled joy  
and sorrow upon her cheek at parting, that  
she was so soon to be borne back to the  
home of her youth in comfortless sorrow.

Death regards not a father's love, nor a  
husband's grief—she is laid in her shrouded  
beauty beneath the spreading cypress of her  
native hills, in calm, unbroken, painless  
sleep. She has seen the moonlight resting

upon her native valleys for the last time—  
the sun to her gilds the hill-tops no more.

The spirit emancipated from the heavy  
shackles of mortality, has joined the great  
congregation of the ransomed ones in the  
paradise of love. Why weep ye then, as  
those who have no hope that there her dark-  
ness is changed to day—that a sun has ris-  
en no more to set—that the fetters of earth  
have been exchanged for robes of light  
and life—that the dark portal of death has  
been unclosed which opens upon an end-  
less day—that the music of another voice  
is added to that unceasing song in a world  
where pang and parting are known no  
more.

Tears may fall when the beautiful and  
the good are called away: but there is un-  
fading consolation in the darkest hour.

The oracles of truth point the mourning  
soul to the land of perfect bliss, where the  
spirit never dies, and pain never comes.

**Mammoth Bones.**—We were present  
yesterday morning, says the Cincinnati  
Atlas of the 8th, where a number of work-  
men were digging a sewer, on Main, near  
Court street, when they struck on the  
bones of what appeared to be the skeleton  
of a mammoth. Large pieces of a tusk  
were broken off by the picks. The crowd  
around was too large to prosecute the dig-  
ging; and the bones were not exhumed,  
but we understand that it was the intention  
of the workmen last evening, to ascertain  
the extent of these remains. The first ex-  
posed, was not more than three feet from  
the surface.

If these should prove the bones of a  
Mastodon, we believe that they are the  
first that have been discovered on this plain.